

Sir

My attention has been directed to an article in "The Mercury" of the 21st ultims, entitled "Tasmanian history written by J. C. Calder." Had you not made a mendacious, and insulting attack on the memory of my father, in your version, of the capture of Lorell, by the bushrangers in 1825, I should only have laughed at the absurdities it contains, and wondered, how your informee could have crowded so many exaggerations — perversions of fact, and direct untruths into so small a space. Though you have not mentioned his name, yet the "local Magistrate," and "rushing out," to meet the danger, sufficiently point to whom you mean; these particulars with his name, are mentioned in all the early accounts I have seen, as well as in some English newspapers of the period. The only other man that would have rushed out was Mr Gunn, but before he could do so, when he challenged Bird, and Murphy at the gate, he was shot on the threshold of Doctor Garrate's door. I shall not attempt to correct any of your misstatements except, those that relate or bear on my fathers share in the affair, and this I do, that you may have no excuse for persisting in your errors, respecting him. For what I state, I have the evidence of my own eyes, and ears; I was on the spot; and at an age when the deepest impressions are made on the mind, by remarkable — circumstances. The events on the day, and day after the bushrangers' visit to Lorell, are as vividly traced on my memory, as those of yesterday setting aside the unprotected state of the township, at the time, and the element of danger, in the social condition of both township, and district. No Soldiers were stationed in Lorell till after the time referred to, Mr Gunn's was a roving party, following the bushrangers wherever they were to be found. It had traced them into the — neighbourhood two or three days before — no police worth the name except Mr Laing the district constable; (at that time a petty constable meant an untrained convict armed with a musket) A gang of prisoners were working at the

Church, and scattered amongst the community within three or four miles, were the ruthless members of a more fearful banditti, than any bushrangers, namely "Routley's gang" - even by your own showing, supposing your account of my fathers proceeding, as true, as it is false - he was only doing his duty. To use your own words - "in the darkness of such a night of storm" !!!? - bushrangers known to be in the neighbourhood, shots are fired, and a commotion heard at the gaol. Under these circumstances, because a Magistrate armed himself and had the courage to rush up to the spot and demand in a tone of authority, the cause of the disturbance; you after the lapse of nearly half a century, attempt to hold him up as the butt of your small wit, and traduce in his grave, one whom neither you nor any other man, would have dared to insult, when living. You take upon yourself to assent, that he was well known for parade of activity" - you certainly have not been happy in your choice of an incident, to illustrate your assertion. Had I not known who you were I should have believed, your "Tasmanian History", the production of someone, who had good cause to remember my fathers' rule in the district, and the fearless energy, with which he acted in his efforts to root out evil-doers. As it is, I believe some of your informers, or their relatives and congeners have. The untruthfulness of your narrative, may be due to these persons, but the tone, and treatment, of the invented indignities in your own, and abundantly indicate the class for whom your history is written. Mr Gunn and his party, had not had a long and fatiguing March, on the day of the attack; they had been in the township during the morning, and Mr Gunn dined with my father and Mother that day. He told my father, that the bushrangers were somewhere in the neighbourhood, that he had certain information, they would be in Lovell early that night, that the first places attacked, would be our house and the gaol. I heard my father, and Mr Gunn agree, and promise, that either would hasten to the assistance of the other as soon as the first shots

indicated the point of attack, which it was supposed the bushrangers would make in a body. After dinner Mr Gunn and his party, marched out of Sorell, as if finally, and for some distant station; arranging to return as soon as it would be dark enough to escape notice. To make myself , I must state that we lived in a little cottage (which no longer exists) on the North side of what is now St Georges square, or Churchyard, nearly opposite the gaol which is on the South. After sunset my father barracaded the house as usual to prevent surprise; when the stated time for the attack had passed he, concluding it was one of the frequent false alarms, put on his dressing gown and slippers, the former fortunately, for it was the means of saving his watch seals and chain; he had hardly done so, when we heard the three shots fired, the two first, close together, that shattered Mr Gunn's fingers, and his arm, and then after a very short interval the one that wounded Mr Arxa. My father pulled the obstructions from the door, seized one of his loaded double barrelled guns, and rushed out bare headed, to join the soldiers. I ran into the verandah after him. The rain which had come on again in the afternoon, was all over except a light last shower which was just ending. It was a calm, but rather dull moonlight night. I saw my father meet two of the bushrangers, near our gate, He took them for soldiers, they were dressed exactly like them, when on bush duty, namely dark gray clothing, and kangaroo skin caps. As I heard him tell the Governor the next day, he could have shot them both, had he known who they were, before they came close up to him and levelled their muskets. No one could imagine any combination of circumstances, that would make the bushrangers victors, and the soldiers captives, after three shots, and no one could suppose, that the Sheet Military regulation to prevent surprise, had been ignored in this instance, but unfortunately Mr Gunn omitted to post a sentry, before he went to tea at Dr Garratt's. So certain was my father that the men he met were soldiers, that he addressed them as such putting

away on each side with his hands the barrel of their
firelocks, as he said - "Soldiers what you mean?" - "Don't
you know me, I am Captain Glover, I am coming to help you?"
Then they pretended to discover their mistake, and said "make
haste Sir make haste, Mr Gunn is waiting for you" and in
reply to his hasty questions: "Is it all over already have you
taken all the bushrangers?" "It's all right Sir, you'll hear all
about it directly - this way Sir, it's d' very dry here you'll get
your slippers wet there" as they both politely piloted him
through the puddles, on the flat, In a few minutes they reached
the gad door. The gad door had not then nor for years after, either
building attached to it, or fence or yard round it: To the "Scamper"
"scamper" of 15 years across the (imaginary) yard, is as pure an
invention as the rest of the adventure. At the door was a small
group of men, that my father believed were the rest of the soldiers when
he walked up to them with his guides. They suddenly overpowered
and disarmed him one of them still speaking respectfully said
"Don't you know who we are Sir? Why we are the bushrangers,
Then they they forced him over the threshold, into the crowded
room; as soon as they him safe and unarmed, their rage
against him broke out. and they were about to murder him. Every
one believed his last moment had come, when a man of the
Church building gang, called out, and earnestly entreated
them to spare his "life, and not to hurt him, for that he, my
father had spoken to the Governor the last time he was in
Torell, and obtained for the gang, an addition to their rations,
which had been insufficient before; whereupon the bushrangers
(Murphy, I believe) clubbed his musket, instead of firing
it and struck my father, a violent blow on the chest, ^{aking} knocking
him down;" his fowling piece was not, smashed
before his face, as you say, for the robbers carried it
off as well as another very valuable ^{double} gun of his,
which they took out of the hands of a person who
was sent after him with his hat. Early the next
morning, the Governor with his staff, and

several Officers, came to Forcell. When the Governor came over to our house, he was in possession of every minute fact, and had allowed no particular to escape his notice. I then heard the true and recognised history of all the adventures, discussed and fully gone into, by the Governor, my father and others present, and so often, and for so long a time, were the events of that visit of Bradys the subject of conversation on all sides, that I could never forget them. You do great injustice to the (Soldiers (of the 40th Regt.) when you say that sixteen of them were captured by four bushrangers. There were not sixteen soldiers, nor near that number in Mr Gunn's party, they were neither playing cards, nor going to sleep, when the bushrangers rushed into the small gaol room, that was their temporary barracks getting at once between them and their muskets, which were not drying by the fire. By military men and others capable of judging, these soldiers were exonerated from all blame, your informers, in giving you sixteen as their number, are evidently thinking of another night attack, which took place a few weeks, or months before and confuse Mr Gunn's, with another party of the same Regt that was in my father's care, who marched with it after dark from Hobart Town - joined Mr Gordon and Laing at Forcell; and at midnight all set out together, to make the first break in Routley's gang, by securing some of the ringleaders. You will be shocked to learn, that most of the lamented men, taken that night, we afterwards cruelly put to death, by Order of Sir John Pedder; their only offences being, murder and robbing; burning one of their victims alive, and cutting the head off

another, when they robbed his house I do not believe they murdered more than ten or twelve persons altogether but to return these two parties of soldiers, were the only ones that ever acted in Gorell under ex Military leaders, and my father's "parade of activity" on that occasion, with respect to their confederates, was one course of the bushrangers' animosity to him. You have been misinformed on almost every point; the time places, and manner of the events, as well as the events themselves the stern resistance at McArda's is a mistake it was without fire arms I heard that man tell how it was, that that the shot or ball passed through his wrist, when to the perfect astonishment of himself and his companions, the two bushrangers burst into the room, where they were sitting, and one of them fired. When Laing fortunately for the district and wisely for himself, made his escape from the room, Mr Gunn required no warning.

"The miraculously lengthened tempest" the meeting of the sky and earth" whatever that phenomenon may be; with "the trees of the forest &c &c" are inventions so very nearly sublime that I will not comment on them here The adventure, with the stick is another invention. The stick with the coal and had, were probably set up by Bulliford himself while waiting for the safe time to let the people out of the gaol. You may in your writing convert a band of runaway convicts into Paladins - you may slander the soldiers of the 40 Regiment by insinuations against their courage, as "a short but sharp struggle in which only a few joined (of the sixteen to four as said to have taken place and want of discipline in "not keeping a proper watch at the gaol," while contradictory as it may seem, it was their strict discipline, and unquestioning reliance, on the plans and

arrangements of their leader, that caused their capture, and you may sketch and paint your subject from the most unmistakeable chain gang point of view, all this you may do, without interference from me: but I will not in silence suffer you, or any other person, to shower untruth, and unjust insolent ridicule on my father's memory. I have no intention of trying to bring your work into notice, by a violent attack upon it, but taking only that episode of Lorell, for a text - be assured it would require no great trouble, even at this distant date, to prove its untruth, no great stretch of intellect, to point out its false reasoning, and contradictions and no very keen powers of Latise, to show off its absurdities of different kinds, so as to cover not only your present work, but any other you might ever write, with discredit contempt, and ridicule.

However if you have a spark of gentlemanly or generous feeling in your nature, I am sure you will regret your unjust, and gratuitous attack, on one who can no longer defend himself.

I am Sir,
Elizabeth Ann Glover
18 September 1873

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